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#2

# MASTER OF KUNG FU<sup>®</sup>



PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT**  
CONTENT

DIRECT EDITION



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# HELLFIRE APOCALYPSE

Assassins...

Run like hell, Reston --

...swarming everywhere.

Sorry, Chi -- should've left you on your island.

When I came, Reston, I knew what to expect.

As did we all -- but we didn't expect this.

So what? Hadda happen sometime... Ready to fight, Chi?

It seems I have no choice...

## Part 2: Immortal Blood

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Join hands,  
ya bloody  
bastards -- an'  
let's jump to  
Hell!

THROKK

KUMP

HWUKX

CHUDT

Face it,  
Chinaman --  
this is the  
life!

Life,  
Black Jack  
Tarr?

KUNCH

Exactly! Dukin' it out  
with yer father's old  
assassins -- freshly  
juiced by this new  
Saint Germain  
creep...





Savin' the world --  
or at least yer own *ass*!  
What more could an old  
warhorse want?



Peace?

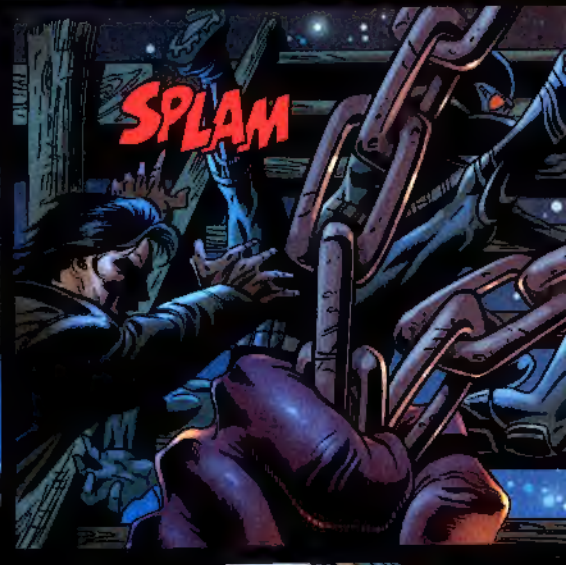
Hah!

Come off it,  
Chinaman --

-- this is the  
badass action you  
were built for.  
You *know* you've  
missed it!



Not...



...in the  
least.





Well,  
you sure  
coulda fooled  
m--

Hey,  
what the devil  
happened to  
**Reston**?

He  
ran.

That  
way.



Have you  
*ever* known  
Clive Reston  
to run like a  
coward?

Nope. Whatever  
he has in  
mind...



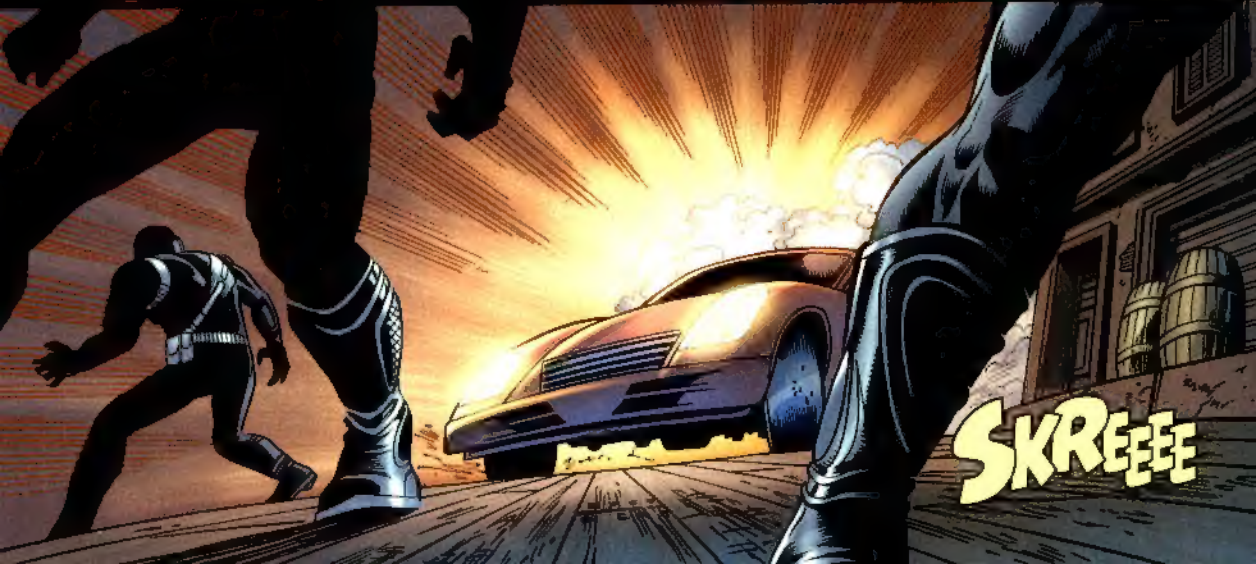
**KRRRUNK**



"...let's hope  
it's a bloody  
brainstorm  
with legs."



**VRADWWW**



**SKREEEE**







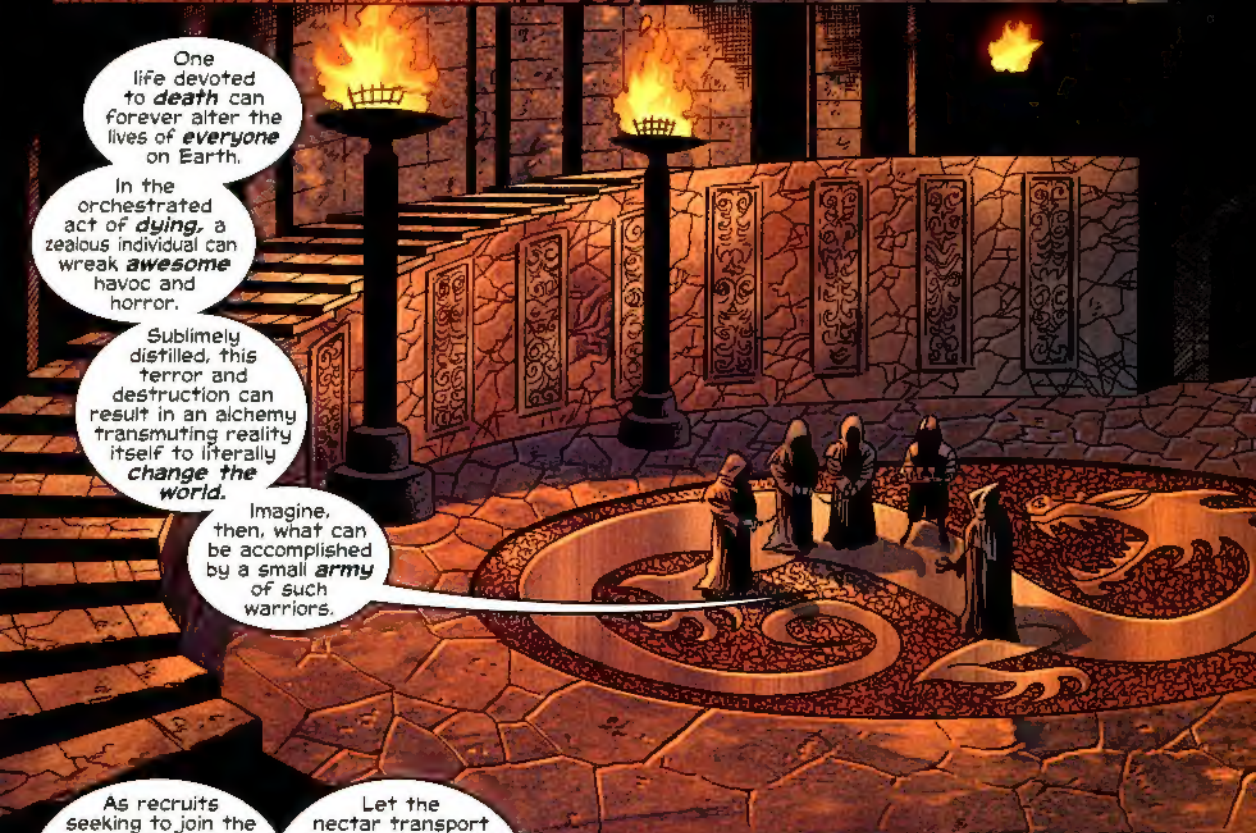


Your will is now **mine**. I am fueled by resources amassed through **many** lifetimes.



I have conquered death to live as I **choose...**  
...learning the true secret and power of life **and** death.

That knowledge, both simple and profound, is **this...**



One life devoted to **death** can forever alter the lives of **everyone** on Earth.

In the orchestrated act of **dying**, a zealous individual can wreak **awesome** havoc and horror.

Sublimely distilled, this terror and destruction can result in an alchemy transmuting reality itself to literally **change the world**.

Imagine, then, what can be accomplished by a small **army** of such warriors.

As recruits seeking to join the army of immortal **Saint Germain** -- you thirst for the light of **truth**. Take these **cups** -- and **drink**.

Let the nectar transport you **beyond** reality's illusions -- to behold the reward of shining truth awaiting those who serve my **righteous cause**.











Your *every* desire, yours *forever*, should you serve as instruments of my *great change*, should you *die* in the act of *purging corruption*...

...should you prove yourselves *worthy*.



It is now time to test your new *will*.

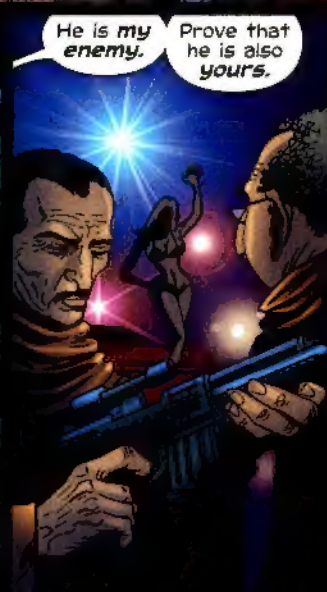
We are *yours*, Saint Germain!

We are *ready*!

We are *eager*!



Then *prove* yourselves on this captured agent of *American intelligence*.



He is my *enemy*.

Prove that he is also *yours*.







The mind control makes them *more* than eager, Saint Germain.

They will be *zealous* assassins.

But hardly the *best*. Moving Shadow, hardly like you.

Saint Germain -- the report from Singapore is *not good*.

Both MI-6 agents *escaped*, now in the company of a *third*.

He was recognized as *Shang-Chi*, and our assassins thought you might want him *alive* for --



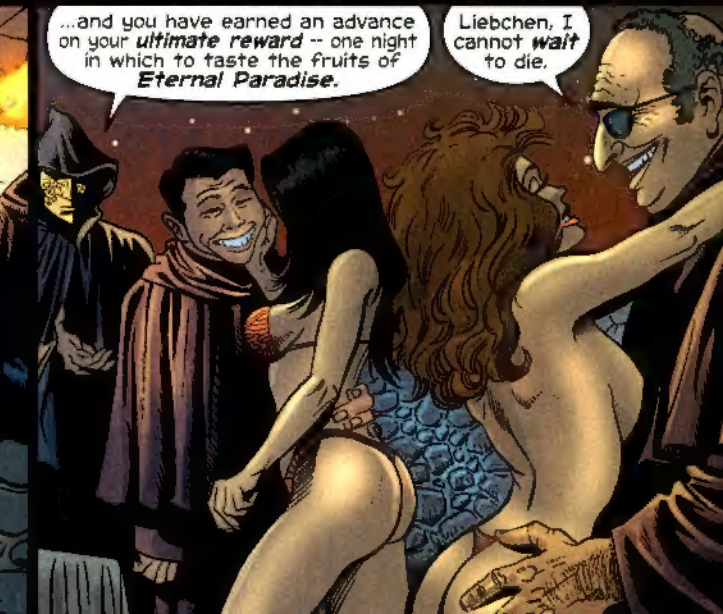
*Moving Shadow...*



...you *know* who this Shang-Chi is.

Yes. He is this world's *supreme* test of my *skills*.

I will depart for Singapore *immediately*.



...and you have earned an advance on your *ultimate reward* -- one night in which to taste the fruits of *Eternal Paradise*.

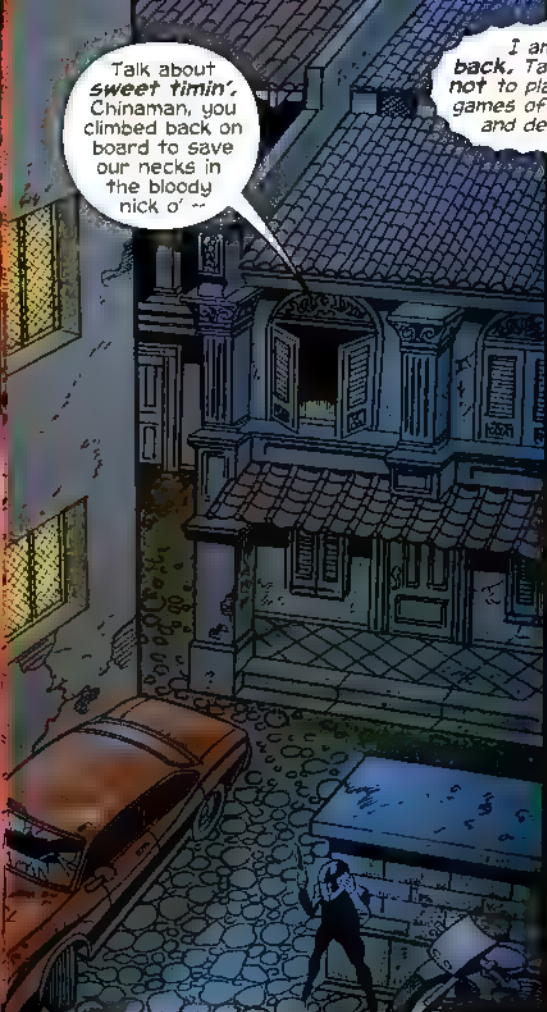
Liebchen, I cannot *wait* to die.



*Enough!*

You have *proven* yourselves worthy...





Talk about *sweet timin'*, Chinaman, you climbed back on board to save our necks in the bloody nick o' --

I am *back*, Tarr, but *not* to play your games of deceit and death.



This ain't *no game*, Chi -- *not* when Saint Germain's usin' yer dead father's *resources* to run yer dead father's old cult of *assassins* outta yer dead father's former bases!



Hell, MI-6 believes Saint Germain bloody well *knew* yer old man.

If so, an' if he really *has* lived for centuries, then he's probably strung out on the same *immortality serum*.

The *Ellixir of Life*... *unnatural* life.



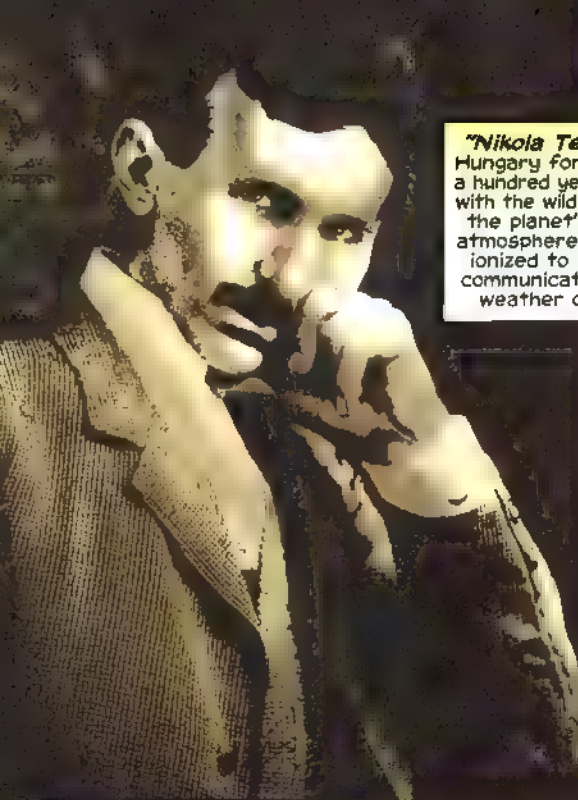
Which might explain why Saint Germain's "*Helifire Objective*" is so grandiose, Chi, since the same serum would induce the same *side effects*.

Exactly. The same megalomania displayed by your father.

Our MI-6 analysts claim Saint Germain's master plan is based on old research done by a *forgotten genius* -- same guy who invented the *alternating current generator* that Edison got the credit for...







"Nikola Tesla left Hungary for America a hundred years ago -- with the wild idea that the planet's entire atmosphere could be ionized to improve communications and weather control.



"But Tesla *also* realized that his 'scalar technology' could be twisted into a *weapons system* -- gigantic bolts of lightning zapped down at any point on the globe.

"What we're talkin' about here is high-altitude energy injections -- goosin' Mother Nature to unleash *death-rays from the sky* -- an' in 1908 Tesla decided to stage an *experiment*.

"On a clear September day, on the other side of the *world*, somethin' with the force of *two-thousand Hiroshima bombs* flattened a huge forest near Tunguska, Siberia -- forty years *before* the bloody bomb was *invented*.

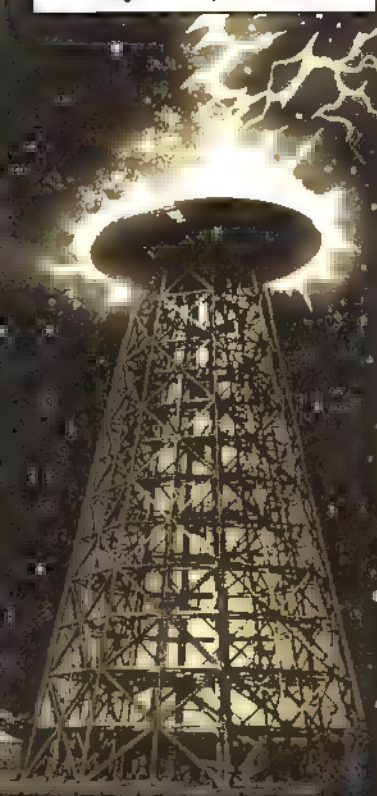
"Realizing what might happen if his scalar technology fell into the wrong hands, Tesla suddenly *halted* his secret research and faded into obscurity.

"But his technology has been revived with a *vengeance*, *Chi. Twice*. First, by the Americans, with a vast injection array called the 'High Atmosphere Auroral Research Project' or *HAARP*...

"...and of course, by Saint Germain, who's way *ahead* of 'em -- an' he ain't no *angel* pluckin' the *strings*."

Which is why we gotta find his base before "*Hellfire Objective*" goes *operational*. Our next lead is high-tech scalar equipment bein' transhipped through *Hong Kong* -- final destination unknown, but likely the *secret base*.

Where it will be used to turn *lightning* into a *weapon*.







Your world will *never change*, Tarr, not as long as it is ruled by --

Don't *start*, Chinaman.

You don't like the world an' I ain't thrilled with it, either.

But as much as you an' me may quibble with the stinkin' world we've *got*, it's sure as hell better than the one cued up by *Saint Germain*.



This unlimited scalar crap could do more damage than all the nuke arsenals on Earth -- an' that's *without* radiation.



Finally a doomsday weapon somebody can actually *use* -- an' if it's Saint Germain, he'll inherit a destroyed world safe for repopulation by *his chosen few*.

We're talkin' mass destruction by sorcery-science most people ain't even *heard* of -- an' yet most o' those people are *innocent*.



Now, the world's a bloody big messed-up place an' maybe you've found yerself some sweet somewhere to *hide* in it -- but can ya really turn yer back on all the *rest* of us?

Hah?

No *answer*, Mr. Sanctity-of-Life Zen Master?



I am here in Singapore, Tarr, because I have *not* turned my back.

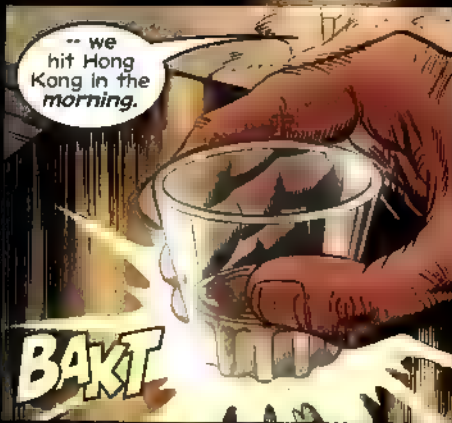
I am here to find Clive Reston's *wife* -- to help *Leiko Wu*.



And that means playin' yer hated '*games o' deceit an' death*' -- cuz right now, Leiko Wu Reston ain't nothin' but a *girl in distress*.

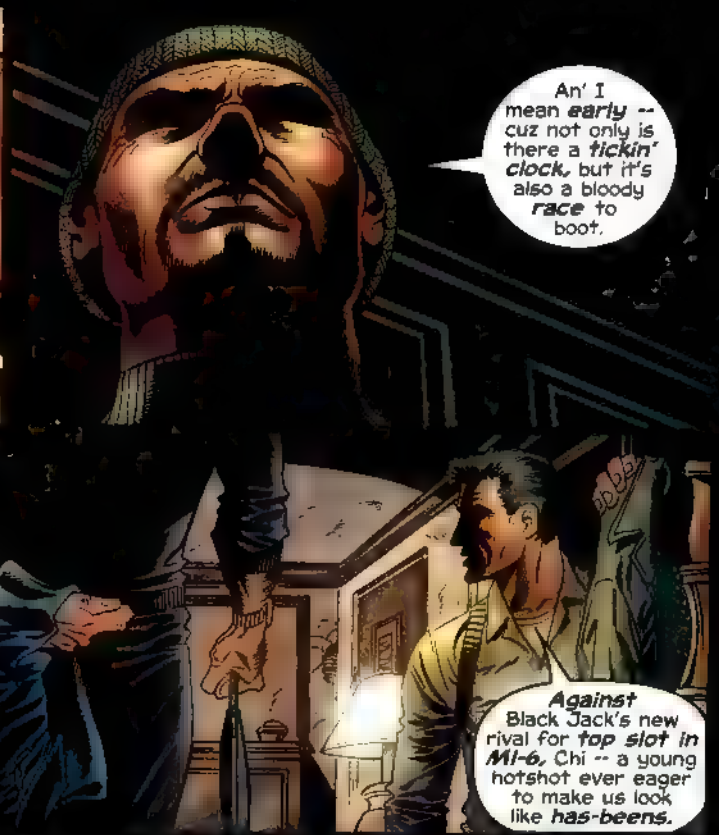
Down the *hatch*, boys --





-- we  
hit Hong  
Kong in the  
morning.

**BAKT**



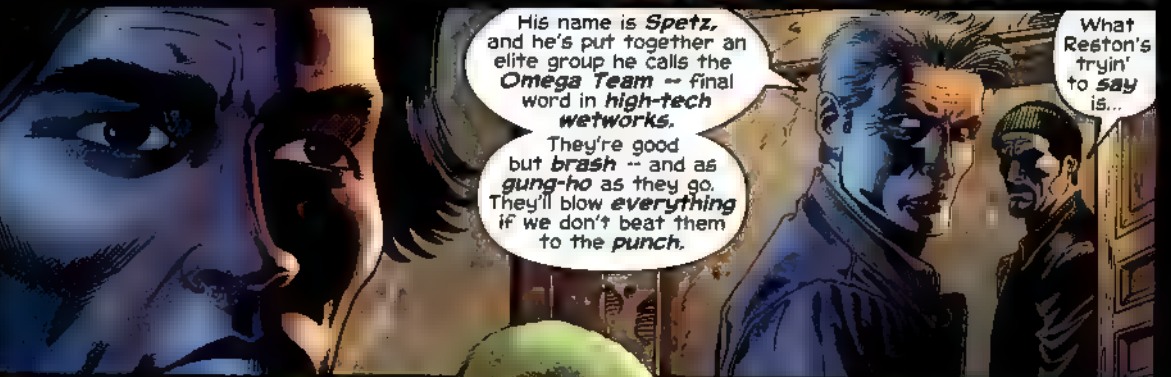
An' I  
mean *early* --  
cuz not only is  
there a *tickin'*  
*clock*, but it's  
also a bloody  
*race* to  
boot.



Against  
more than  
time?

Oh, it's  
time, awright --  
*Father*  
*Time*.

**Against**  
Black Jack's new  
rival for *top slot* in  
*Mi-6*, Chi -- a young  
hotshot ever eager  
to make us look  
like *has-beens*.



His name is *Spetz*,  
and he's put together an  
elite group he calls the  
*Omega Team* -- final  
word in *high-tech*  
*networks*.

They're good  
but *brash* -- and as  
*gung-ho* as they go.  
They'll blow *everything*  
if we don't beat them  
to the *punch*.

What  
Reston's  
tryin'  
to *say*  
is...



\*...Morgan Spetz  
is a bloody flamin'  
*arsehole*."

You call yourselves  
*Omegas*?! You sad  
wanker excuses for  
*whining pussles*!









"... and he's one  
evil bad-ass who  
stops at nothing."

The  
scorpions  
are angry,  
agent Leiko  
Wu.

Talk --  
before I  
smear your lips  
with their  
scent.

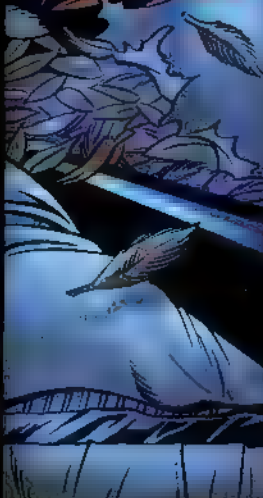
How  
close is MI-6?  
Tell me!



"...Are they still  
in Singapore?"



**WUMPF**



Hai--?!



**TEP TEP**



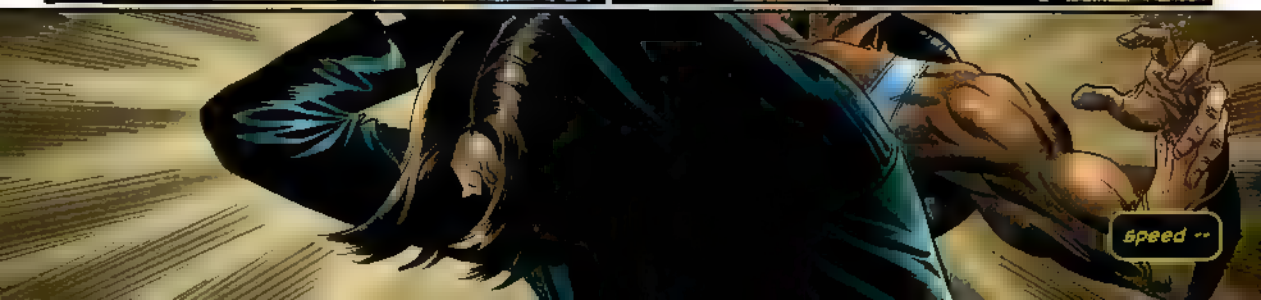
**FWAKT!**



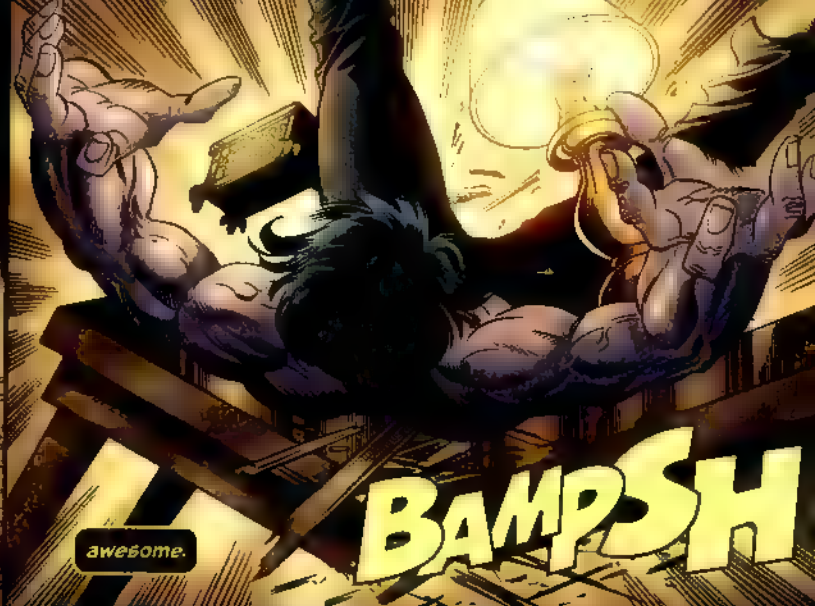
















What the bloody devil?

Chinaman -- what the hell happened?



One assassin fallen to another.

He was superb.



Don't see anyone out there...

Drop it, Reston! We're uninvolved as of now.



Forget the elevator. Down the stairs and --

You said Leiko went to France.

To infiltrate one of Saint Germain's cells -- we checked it out and it's a dead end.

Nothing but a private estate outside Paris.



Leiko must have pursued a lead elsewhere and --

No -- she's there.



How the hell can you know that, Chi?

From dreams...



...of Leiko and scorpions...

Wait -- you'd have us go on a wild goose chase to France because you had a dream about my wife?



Bloody hell, Reston. Give him the address!



You an' me have a ship to locate. Chi might be Leiko's only chance...





"...if she's  
still alive."



Whether too strong or  
utterly broken, Agent  
Leiko Wu, your mind  
is worth **no more**  
of my time.



On your  
**feet!**



Sh-Shang...



Was the dream...  
all in my mind?



Nothing but the  
delusions of a  
spirit slipped out  
of balance?



Have I traveled  
halfway around the  
world in pursuit  
of nothing but  
memory's ghost --  
while the real  
Leiko suffers  
elsewhere?



And if the  
dreams and  
visions are  
somehow  
true...

...am I too late?





The  
interrogation has  
*concluded*, Saint  
Germain?

It never  
*began*. Her mind  
will surrender  
*nothing*.

*Dispose*  
of her now.



Then it  
*ends* --



-- with  
nothing left  
to *lose*...

**CHUFF**



**SKOKK**



...but if  
I *die*...



**THRAKx**



...I'm  
taking some  
of you *with*  
me.



Most impressive, Agent Leiko Wu.

Flawless catatonia... all an act.

Then you'll love my next one --

KRUKSH

-- it'll knock you off your feet!

You... dare?

Leiko.

You bet.

The visions were true... Leiko is here -- in the company of...

Then you will now lose your wager... slowly...

...and by my hand.

...my father.

NEXT Ghost in Paradise